

GLAMOUR #3

PHOTOGRAPHY

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The Strange Case of the Dead Model



Secrets of a Lingerie Photographer

2 Beautiful Hitchhikers



How to Find Pretty, Photogenic Girls



Glamour Photography



Finding Models pg 36



Beautiful Bucks pg 38



Portraits pg 42



Favorite Model pg 18



Picture Props pg 9



Bonoblocks pg 52



Favorite Model pg 18



Spooks pg 64



2 Hitchhikers pg 54



Lingerie Secrets pg 30



Bonoblocks pg 52



Artist pg 34

*Props don't
always make the
picture but they
can certainly help
See page 9*



The Very Strange Case

I HAD BEEN SPECIALIZING in those detective magazine pictures that look as if they were photographed through a bloody filter.

Trouble was, some of the stuff looked as wacky as Madam Tansu's and I couldn't pin it down.

When I focused in on the cases, the solution was as clear as daytime.

All I had to do was move out of the flaky clinical, fashion-type cube I was renting and get myself one of those west-Chicago lofts that look as if Murder, Inc. has just broken the lease with a St. Valentine's Day type carriage.

The effect was gratifying—like a close-up where you can count pores.

At the same time, I got a break on a model. I got her from an agent, who asked his commission by warning me she had a problem—name of Barney Kupperman.

Barney was tough and he had every where corporate of hers meeting.

Fate being what it is and my luck coming double-crossed, he had to make himself scarce with no time to take her with him.

Even the fear that he'd clobber me when the heat was off didn't run me off. I wanted her on film the worst way.

Her name was Corky Silver and she was the stack of flesh my editors were crying for.

We got on famously. She respected my deadlines and I respected Barney's deadlines.

One night when I thought she was far off reading a true confession or a paper back, I had her right at hand in the developer and dryer. It was the kind of work that gives you that longing.

So much so, it was nearly midnight when it hit me I hadn't eaten since noon.

I went across the street to an alleyway and dawdled over a Western sandwich, a beer and *Pete Kelly's Blues* on the juke.

Time ticked with my hunger and I was scanning some of my computer's clients when one of the detective-story situations came to life. There was a light at my loft!

I got over there in nothing flat and pulled up the creaking steps. One look in

(Continued on page 4)



of the DEAD Model



side gave me the screaming whistman.
On the floor, nudging my floodlight
stand, was Corky—in a pool of blood!

All there was room for in my head
was Barney Kupperman. I got out of
there faster than grapes and found
me a patrolman.

The word murder moved him so fast,
his nightstick needed.

He went in first, gun at the ready,
but the look he gave me was out of his
roughly pedestrian mental.

Corky was sitting up, bag as life, but
scrambling as "bloody" as I'd left her.

"Wine," she said, sheepishly, wiping
her tongue against a smudge on her wrist.

"I thought you'd be lonesome. So I
brought the grape... but I tripped
over your camera case. Then when I
heard you coming, I thought the ac-
cident was too good to waste."

"But you're..." I began, indicating
her next-to-nothing attire.

"I'd gotten out of my dress and
started to clean up when I heard you
coming."

The cop looked around the studio
and bought her story once the lapman's
opinion of arties came back to him.

He left, satisfied.

But I wasn't.

That patrolman will never make the
detective button.

I caught the label on the wine bottle.
It was out of Corky's class. And there
was a very warm, expensive cigar in
my cigarette-filled ash tray.

Barney had just missed the long arm
of the law. And his chance to chlobber
me.

RALPH R. ORLANDO



CORKY SHAKES OUT A FEW REMAINING DROPS OF WINE.



MODEL GIGGLES AND SITS UP.

Corky Silver huddles with a cup of coffee behind her washed out underthings





Five Minute Portrait

Light has a unique effect on film when it is reflected from Ann Francis' face

Tenacious in California found me edgy over a phone I had to be on in forty minutes and an interview date I couldn't pass up with Hollywood's latest — Ann Francis. With just eight minutes to call my own and my motor running, I spotted Anne willowing down the path toward my bungalow patio with the bearded sage of Denzaleville lemons, Earl Leaf.

The soft, falling light and the shadow of the banana trees gave Miss Francis that unique iridescence all her own. Leaf provided her additional detachment of spirit with a yawn about a wedge, an amazon and a step-ladder.

Setting my camera on a tripod, I shot her at one fifth of a second. Anne's unbridled laughter at the special brand of Leaf lipsticks blurred some of the efforts, but other portraits — shown herewith — captured what I sought — the facial elegance of a beautiful young girl. **PETER MARTIN**



PROPS

Props don't always make the picture but they can certainly help

THE AREA in which the artistic instincts and the technical know-how of the photographer are most clearly fused is in the selection of props.

The term is a sherry for properties and is taken from the theater, but you get a clearer picture of their function if you think of them as the kind of crutch-props you'd put under a sagging canopy.

Your sagging photographic idea can take flight when buoyed up by the proper props.

It's true you can get a glamorous shot with just a model, a camera and a plain white paper background. But the creative photographer soon learns that by continually surrounding his subject with the nothingness of white space, he produces an emotional vacuum.

Props give the human figure room. They anchor it, establish it, direct attention to it, place it within our scales of comprehension and bring forth mood which takes the human figure out of the realm of still life.

The experienced photographer, in selecting a face, automatically selects his props in relation to that face. Once he has visualized that face comple-



THREE PAGES OF UMBRELLA PICTURES BY COSMO GONZALES

mented by those particular props, he'll settle for nothing less.

The give-away trademark of the new set is the use of gimmicky props.

The old one-two-three quarter set can dash any picture that is upstaged by an outlandish bank of ornate upholstery or a screaming blur of tapestry.

Old wicker, bent wire chairs, iron beds and oriental good cane chairs make more successful adornments.

These and other likely props are waiting your eagle eye at country auctions, antique shops, Good Will Industries stores, Salvation Army thrift shops...even in the attic of your own home.

The following pages delineate a variety of experiments with props and backgrounds by a variety of professional photographers.

Employing everything from a Gay Nineties baby buggy to a Triumph sports car, these pictures prove a basic tenet of photography: It is not the prop you use, it is how you use it.

A study of this folio can teach you "How To Be Very, Very Popular."

Alexander E. Brightfield









the Sun the Sand and She

THE LARGEST PROFIT ON the face of the earth is the sea. While photographs on five continents have for decades made capital of the sea's intoxicating effect on picture pretty camera subjects





*In lieu of a chaise lounge
try a super torque barouche*

A RACKET OF PAINS from a photographer out on Long Island leads us to believe that the automobile may replace the bear rug as a prop for coquettish females. Edward Lettau, who decided to explore the graphic possibilities of a midsize sports car had to go only as far as the nearest red light to find a pretty girl who owned one.

Pretty girl Pat Stephenson obligingly put herself up on the car's hood and posed about like a restless kitten as Lettau went to work framing her in a slice of windshield, a slice of steering wheel and climbing out of the trunk.

Lettau was soon joined by others interested in the possibilities of sports car and leggy girl. Two burly workmen in a concrete mixer felt impelled to drive by the working photographer seven times. Truck drivers are also attracted to Miss Stephenson and her little sports car. She has the car in the repair shop frequently to straighten out an rear end where truck drivers have banged her to show their enthusiasm.





*A careful photographer chooses a shapely subject with a speedy automobile
If no auto is available, look for girl with llama, motorcycle or sailing dingy*



Kitten in the Bath

Photographically, there is more to bathing a kitten than meets the eye

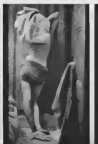


I had chosen a dozen models in as many bachelors before I realized that no one ever looks like a bath sitting in a tub wearing a grille or a tight bathing suit. My editors now see: come on

a day you need a bath and really take one. My theory has made my last six TV commercials awfully realistic even though I required the constant help of four undressing stylists. The

pictures on these pages were made on the TV set between takes. The cat belongs to the model, Cindy Elsworth. It follows her about on every job she does.

SAMUEL BECKMAN





My Favorite Model

A PORTFOLIO OF FAVORITE MODELS BY FIVE PHOTOGRAPHERS

When man's true harmonic rapport between the photographer, the photographer's model and the camera, the photographer knows it, the model knows it, the camera catches it, and the public recognizes it.

As the aggressor in this, as in other male-female relationships, the photographer must inject into the interplay both the cold, objective dissection of the professional and the warm, sliding, heat-or-not-platonic lover.

If the impressions that come swirling up to him out of the developer are to come alive, the photographer must follow the traditions set down by his predecessors, whose medium was tallow and goat's blood endearingly dubbed on the clay ceilings of their bachelor apartments some 10,000 years ago. He must learn to love, humor and dismay this ill who inhabits his focal lenses.

The true photographer must know his favorite model in a way no man can know his spouse. His communion with her must necessarily circumvent the contrived cartography of formal consciousness.

It is in this camaraderie between girl and photographer that this journal herewith is dedicated.

This civilized intercommunication between man, camera and model is the enchanted amalgam from which the fabric of artistry can be spun.

When the mood of the photographer and the model are attuned, he can don the fool's cap as he retrieves his lens cap. He can use the wire consumed in rolling film by rolling her on the side.

More mortal, the photographer knows he can't be all things to all women except in his wildest mental montages, so he usually winds up

thinking of his favorite model as the one most likely to consume his feverish imagination.

She may not be the Kim Novak of his Kodak, but the total effect that goes through to him after he has oriented the Dietrich look, the Monroe mouth, the Russell fringe, and the Lolita-lingua rearrange is a pleasing one.

So now he must have the proper setting for his Kimberley. As a true artisan, he has long since learned that he works best with the best material in the most scrupulous surroundings.

Be it plushy, cooily clandestine, Arabian Nightsish or starkly modern, it's his atmosphere and because his favorite model has become one with it, they work best there. Through it and because of it, they develop a creative persistence. As their exchange matures, (Continued on page 20)



Photographer: Derek Landon

Model: Joyce Leslie

Location: New York City





(Continued from page 18)
they find it mutually uplifting.

The scholastic, evanescent quality sought by the true artist has been the eternal quest—from the days of the early Greek *agoraios* pursuing nymphs about the agora to Toulouse-Lautrec in the brothels of Paris.

On the pages that follow, five prominent photographers offer brief galleries of their favorite models—the fledgling dancers, sex students and suburban shop girls who, mostly unheralded, keep them on meat, potatoes and marinade.

These girls were selected for a variety

of reasons—the shape of legs, the fiery Spanish disposition, the conformity of spine, fullness of thigh... but all have that essential denominator—the quality of understanding, of seeing what the partner is seeking, knowing what the aggressor demands, providing what the artisan-lever explores.



A Note to Pretty Girls

ARE YOU an undiscovered beauty, waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photo-

graphs of yourself you want to submit and send them to us. No valuable pictures, please. They cannot be returned. *Glamour Photography*, 61 Seventh Avenue South, New York, N. Y.



Photographer: Cecil Rice

Model: Phyllis Tate

Location: London, England

I had seen her eat many times as she sat in a coffee shop every morning having breakfast. She was laughing at a cartoon in *Sketch* magazine. I caught her eye and soon she was making long pilgrimages to the country seated on the back of my motorcycle. As we rode along she would scream *looker, looker* and we would discuss and spend a few hours photographing along some rocky wall or amid an acre of hayricks. And then there was always a prolonged napover at any inviting cascading brook. Soon she was understanding my every mood and we could work for hours without exchanging a word.





A sensitive young Dutch girl is the favorite model of Henrik Zedand. "She's an art student," says Henrik, "has great photographic imagination."

Photographer: Henrik Zedand
Model: Monique Dierier
Location: Amsterdam





Beautiful Backs

(Continued from page 38)

spine, the gentle lines of the hips, the soft roll of the shoulder and the handy indentation called the small of the back.

Two years later I began specializing in advertising photography, particularly hair-do and cosmetic ads. That

impression from the art class carried over as I found myself continuously drawn to that area of the imagination, the female back. It followed that, more and more, I was keeping my models after hours for anatomy work.

Thumbing through the print film, I find a veritable sketchbook on the feminine back. Here are the lean backs,

the plumpish ones, dimpled backs, warm ones, alabaster and ebony backs, grey backs, coy, cool, crazy and cuddly backs.

Like fingerprints, each back seems distinctive from all others.

Akin to the photographic stickler who, seeking perfection, spent nights after night shooting an egg, I've sought





the one back of all female backs that will come through the solution as perfection.

Similar concentration on the female anatomy may aid your photographic nature. Should backs leave you blank—well, there's more to the female figure from which to choose your area of specialization.

—SANTOS W. GONZALEZ

Photographer: Leonard Sipe

Model: Ellen Mayer

Location: Portland, Oregon



The private life of a model is a compelling enigma to the photographer



The Telephone Rang

BART OSBORNE says that he had made three-thousand pictures of strawberry blonde Sara Noonan when one day she came to the studio and everything seemed to go wrong. She was just in a sulky mood and Bart could not reach her. Finally the telephone call she had been waiting for came. She was im-

mmediately closed and then became quiet and sober and without a word threw on her clothes and walked out of the studio. Osborne recorded the positive scene. They were not the pictures he had in mind, but for the first time Osborne caught Sara, ordinarily a vivacious subject, in a quiet vein.

Bart Orsborne tells how a moody subject provides a sensitive camera moment



The Girl in a Small Room

In old Chelsea a photographer is confronted with a tantalizing space problem



IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE few who live alone and pretend to like it, you are as insane as Tanya Vellar. I'm ready to take on the project of surveying the situation.

I met her at a masquerade ball. You couldn't have concealed her charm under a mile of hitting. She was masquerading as a wood nymph and, down boy-ing my teenage instincts, I asked her to dance.

When I told her what a great photographic delinquent I am and asked her to be my Muse, she naturally asked me to her place to drown olives and talk it over. She led me up four flights of narrow stairs to a top floor match box size room designed to give a pigeon the squemmes.

"Apartment?" I asked.

"I like it," she said. "I like cozy, intimate rooms."

And to prove how cozy it could be, she opened a closet door to make room to stretch out.

"We'll be like two handcats in one shell," I smiled.

Looking around the minuscule hide-away I became intrigued with the idea of photographing Tanya in her natural habitat.

I was back the next night with the equipment and a lot of ideas, some of which you can't park in a camera case.

Working wasn't as tough as I thought — it meant substituting the normal lens of my Exakta for a retrofocus objective manufactured by a near sighted Frenchman.

The walls ricocheted light four ways, multiplying power and permitting hand-held camera work.





CATERINA THE SINE SARCINIS of her on film was gratifying enough . . . but I was equally grateful to her on another count. At the age of six I had climbed on a gun chest and clicked the door shut on myself. A succession of head shakers since had failed to effect what Tanya did — a quick cure for my claustrophobia.



CONFESSIONS OF A Lingerie Photographer

When I sold my half interest in a cattle ranch outside Seymour, Texas, I accepted the challenge of an old Marine buddy in Chicago and put up my ready cash for a share of his photography business.

I'd handled a Speed Graphic a few years before and the old picture-taking urge was itching me again.

Studio traffic was slow the first month so my partner Rico Pappanini took a rest down to Mexico City to knock out a set of Ektachrome transparencies which we hoped to use as process backgrounds in fashion set-ups.

I was loitering around the studio sink,

ering with the equipment and questioning my sanity. What were my leathery hands doing with a camera? Flipping a cigarette toward the studio door, I missed the ash can but hit an ash blonde who walked in with our first big order. A catalogue job—and it wasn't the harness action. My attention was to now be painfully directed to such heady items as: short shorts nites, boned and unboned corselets, buckled tricot sheaths, satin babydoll chemises, long Bermuda panties, power-kick girdles, sliced calf-length petticoats and embroidery trimmed bras. I was a cow poke trespassing a

seem female never-never land. Like the Boy Scout who wandered into the wings of the burlesque, I was torn between wanting to run and to growl. Formerly as open as the prairie, my consciousness was now painfully directed to a studio full of real live dolls straining in all kinds of elastic. For me, the tension made every brain cell a rubber band stretched to the point of no return.

It wasn't that the dawn-like enlightenment wasn't translating but how does a man translate this leering gibberish on to film? How does an en-

(Continued on page 46)



SUMTER'S STUDIO—A HAVEN FOR RANDOM PICTURES





See when a rubberized girlie burst in flame under an arc lamp. My model, fairly naïvely, had just removed herself from a



PETTINGPOT FEVER

Here are the bits of glamour. A silky smooth leg, a beautiful bra, and cunningly fitted pants. In this vineyard I labor to render the telltale ingredients of women more feminine. It often takes an acre of lamps, a dozen clothespins, and a lot of delt puling, to make funny look yummy to the buyer.

Yes, I would say the work is pleasant. Sole crisis to date: spontaneous combus-





Photographs by Robert Samler



THE ARTIST AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER

BURRUS: A new synchrover for our stroke unit at the corner drugstore the other late night, imagine our surprise at seeing one of the snook and gonster boys buying a copy of our magazine.

Approached, we confined to being an artist and we lived up to our photographic tendencies.

Making sport, he introduced himself as a hoop artist named Van Go-Go-Go.

He said he used our mag all the time and, warning our innards with this pronouncement, we hurried to the pay

phone, deposited a spool end and got through to a neighborhood photographer.

Asked what he thought that there now are artists reading the mag, he came back with, "What do YOM! think of an artist skanking over a photographer's shoulder?"

It was something we had to pursue, even though our best bloodhound had just that week switched to chain.

Long since confirmed in the belief that the great pictures are those ad-

libited with a little 35 run over the big one's shoulder, we determined to see what we could get by parlaying the thing into this three-way stretch: Shooting over the artist's shoulder as he worked over the cameraman's shoulder.

And where could we go with such a bit of horseplay but to the harem-studio of men's mag specialist Beadle Beldispecker?

Beadle has long been the victim of a palace piddler who would rather
(Continued on page 45)





MORE ABOUT How to Find a Model

An epidemic of letters points to some unexpected tales of model finding

You continue to our first item on finding models as we are continuing our discussion on this intriguing subject. Responses came from photographers all around the globe and one from the bottom of a bottle.

The mail indicates that lensmen find suitable subjects in such diverse locales as San Francisco cable cars, under picnic tables, trapped in huckleberry patches, languishing in finishing schools, nudist camps, reformatory dormitories, in revolving doors and under the banyan tree.

Leslie K. Simpson, an insurance salesman and part time photographer, tells of leaving his home office in Atlanta, Ga., with the usual load of 20 year endowment policies and a back-seat piled high with photographic equipment.

"Run out of gas," he writes hurriedly, "right in front of a farmhouse equipped with chewin' grandpaw and rummin' daughter, the latter in a wardrobe created by Al Capp."

"She skirted around me and spotted the photo equipment in my car as I



asked Grampa about gas. He preferred manching tobacco to manching words and just pointed to a shed out back.

"I made for the shed, but the lumpy-topped Daimy Mar got there first. There was a drum of gasoline inside with a hand pump crank in the top. On the pump was a padlock."

"The sweet child of nature looked devilishly at the lock, held up the key and tossed it into the plunging 'V' of her blouse."

"No Rems when it comes to pearl diving. I stood there helpless, but happy. Looking at her was like tasting your first applejack."

"She skirted it her way and finally said, 'Grampa won't let me off the place, but if I had some pictures to send in, I bet I could be Miss Country of the County Milkdown.'"

"It seemed like a good bet and she was asking me to take her picture when from the first sight of her my cable finger had been twitching."

"Well, without Grampa knowing it, we got some battery entries for the Miss Country contest."

"Also... I got a few pictures for myself and—THE KEY."

Proving that the curse you want may be around the next bend or vice versa. Look what happened to Arnold Bantz, traveling trade publication photographer. He was at Tarpon Springs, Fla., getting some pictures of girls sorting sponges. But let him tell it:

"This one girl stood out like a different sort among the sorters. She was the kind who can look pleased as your



planned expression without really approving it.

"Naturally, I censured my picture taking around her. Without my realizing it, she made me acquainted with her.

"Still not tumbling, I found myself out in a boat with her, making pictures that had nothing to do with the sponge industry or any other accepted trade.

"She was looking me on her patio before it dawned on me that she was the owner's daughter, had heard I was coming, planted herself on the sorting line and had modeling ambitions.

"And that's how I happened to switch momentarily from mass and bolts to soft goods."

GP editors running the media open and of various photographs through an IBM machine came up with these suggestions: 1. Start a model pool in your camera club and borrow the names of likely camera stars 2. Befriend local news and portrait photographers to get leads and 3. Whet up your courage and snap every pretty girl that passes you in the street.

The random pictures on these two pages are snapshots made in a search for new faces. Test pictures can be as lifeless as passport photographs but still tell the photographer all he wants to know.

We editors are now so intrigued with the model problem as you are. Send us how-you-do-it diagrams of your model finding exploits, snapshots, model's footprints or a bank of hair. We will snap and melt down your informative suggestions for future issues.



It is advisable to take a loaded camera along when tracking down new models. The girl you encounter may hesitate to come to your studio. Make

a few busy snapshots, preferably with an identification card as shown on the opposite page. She may be intrigued to your lot simply to see the test shots.





The Beautiful Back

IT WAS A LEAN, lanky, young model in an art class in Santa Barbara, Calif., back in '47 who first introduced me to the key positions of the female back.

Fancy after a long session of studying a classic life pose, she wriggled restlessly. From where I was perching, I could catch the exotic interplay of

muscles and shadows and I was soon making a number of quick sketches.

I tried to capture the arch of the
(Continued forward to page 24)





Assignment In Bea's Flat

The juggling was jarring—
Fosley Dobbs put down the redhead and
picked up the phone.

The familiar voice gave him the willies.
"This is Wilkie," the familiar voice said.
"I got a dame over here."

"What do you think I got over here," he
answered, "a wallflower?"

He took a long look at the redhead. She
gave it back, adding a slow hike to her short
Woodyly wies, the head once gone out with
a Boy Scout who taught her never to start
a hike without a full pack.

"I'd pre-shun it," Wilkie said. "If you'd
understand—I mean the dame. I'd pre-
shun it."

The redhead was fidgeting. Dobbs knew
what that meant. She was hearing an old
fashioned.

"You mean . . .?"
Dobbs' nose tickled him. He'd waited
so long.

"Yeah," Wilkie came back.
"What I'm telling you—she's in the
bed, the dame you've always putting to
gether in three men to get."

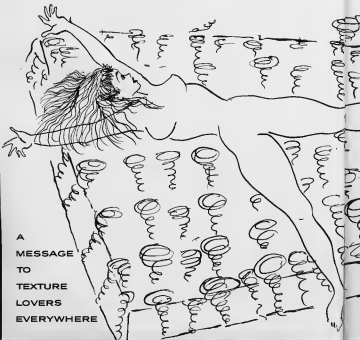
Wilkie had never taken any French and
couldn't say nothing.

"Nail her down?" Dobbs barked.

He feared the worst. Hanging up he'd
heard a humming sound Wilkie was a
lateral case.

He gave the redhead her travel papers—
two engravings of Geo. Washington—and
warned as he went down the dumb waiter.

Checking his camera, he wheeled the
Chevy into the street, looking over a curb,
and cursed as the remainder to take the lens-
caps off his eye glasses.



A
MESSAGE
TO
TEXTURE
LOVERS
EVERYWHERE

Willie had a walk-up and Dobbs nacked for air as he stumbled in. He never got it. The girl squealed into focus as he dug himself up off the floor.

Willie wedged a glass into his hand. He gulped at it as he hastened his way onto a bench.

"Her name is Debra," Willie was saying.

She spun around on the piano stool and Dobbs stopped. Debra was assembled in a way that will anticipate Lollapalooza.

"I'm a little girl lost," she threatened.

Dobbs let it go. Let it slide.



cloud off like a silly (theme, he waltz) out the light behind her, paraded for camera angles and shot her in the act — a high babe on a low stool. Firing like a madman, even everything he could climb on or crawl under, it finally got through to Dobbs that she was real, real, real.

It calmed him and Willie helped by sticking another glass in his hand.

"It needs contrast," Dobbs said, chewing away the lip of the glass. Willie, go down on the street and bring back the first three dames that come along."

Willie walked out the door. Turning, Dobbs found Debra nodding 33 of the old 88 ignoring the discourse cloud; he shot her that way. Then he licked the moustache off Willie's head and threw her on the springs, showing her as she scrambled for work. It was passion, man, passion.

She flung him in a creative and he recorded the savage curl of her back lower lip.

Willie came back with three brown Debra's mood (Debra on the piano stool), had the perfume three-time knew before her like applesauce and shot it that way. Finished, he stood her on the window sill and had the other three tearing at the drapes in envy.

Then he tossed Willie a hot backbush and while he was paying it he got Debra out of there. "Piano," she gasped when the Chev was rolling.

"I know," he said. "You're a little girl lost."

He walked along the driveway and took a tangent at Goldswain Canyon.

Fistful Dobbs shot her on the beach and he shot her against the rocks. He shot her on the sand and he shot her in the surf.

Then the froggier got him. The Texas Monarch dog mimicked him like balls of wet cement. They had him leaping atop rock after rock hunting a vantage point where he might see his subject clearly through the ground glass. The froggier pushed him one step backwards. He coughed.

She was gone, of course, when he came around.

He scrambled along the beach calling 'Debra! Debra!' and he sounded hoarsely like *Howdydoo!*

They found him there, his hand clutching a roll of unfilmed film and mumbling something about rock, and that's where they threw him.

— Bill Capelton

PORTRAITS

Glamour, mystery, suspense can be conjured up by wizardry with the lens

A SARCASTIC FRENCHMAN named Voltaire once said, "The face is the index to the mind." We are sure he had valid reasons for his quip, but we of the camera prefer not to calibrate the honey in our ground glass in any spe-

cific terms. Let her propped on her read charming way without footnotes or celluloid tabs. Let female suspense run barefoot through our photographic dreams making beautiful nonsense. All we ask for is a panel of fidèles, a trou-

peau maybe. And another round of ice cube juices, please.

Woman, retains her greatest beauty in the imagination of men. On the following pages we show a gallery of portraits to aid in proving this point.



ERIN SPENCY





The Artist and the Photographer

(Continued from pg. 34)

get in Beadle's way than sell to the Men.

We found Beadle in full harassment—the studio draky with dink-balls and somehow some notion of that old gag about acres of them.

Beadle was barking and the artist was larking and the girls were fliter and interesting.

Fearful lest a single word might tip the scale for Beadle, we simply started putting the bad-lam on him.

What seemed to quiver Beadle's tripod more than anything else was the fact that every time he'd have what seemed to be the girls' undivided attention, the artist would swift his brush like a magic wand and they'd practically prostrate themselves at his lordly feet.

Having got the show we wanted, we approached Beadle about this as the artist gathered up his junk and took the girls away with him.

"If he bothers you so much," we asked Beadle, "why don't you get rid of him?"

"Get rid of him?" Beadle stormed. "He brings the girls." The Eds

A note to Artists

The editors of *Glamour Photography* are greatly interested in the artist who uses this magazine as a reference. We would like to know what features especially appeal to artists. We are interested in doing a series of articles on the artist and his models. If you have an interesting studio and work with interesting models and would like to have an article about yourself—send us details





(Continued from page 30)
 now poke photographer whose schooling in color was as basic as a Pepsi Cola signboard knew the difference between hues labeled: maize, beige, seafarer, coral, peachick, aqua, tinge, blush, skipper blue, bonfire and pale horse?

After some time my color separations

began to improve. But pale horse had me.

"What in the name of god is pale horse?" I asked Ash Blond from the agency and she wiggled her way through the developing sinks to inspect my negatives. She pulled up a hypo bag determined to help me render

a true pale horse.

Pale horse never did develop properly. But it did develop that Ash Blond could ride a horse and as soon as I could get those color pages out of the shop, I filed The Ash into the hills where I had a couple of horses washed away.

ROBERT SEYMOUR

LUKE PETERSON, EE











Boudoir in the Boondocks

A traveler in Arizona finds rocky crags make an excellent dressing room

Bert Fessenden, a Washington, D. C. photographer has supplied us with an interesting solution to a problem common to photographers: Where to find a studio in a hurry while you're traveling? Bert was passing through Arizona recently when he thumbed through his battered address book and came up with the name of a model whom he had once photographed and knew to be living in Tucson. He reached the young lady by telephone and found her as amenable as ever to picture-taking. Rather than hunt down a back street, hole-in-the-wall studio in Tucson, Bert and his comely model decided to head for the wide-open spaces. They journeyed to nearby Mt. Lemmon where he made the pictures shown here.

Bert not only found that the rugged background of stark rocks and uncombed trees made an excellent intimate studio but that the setting made his model more relaxed. Bert now reports that he is planning to sell his commercial studio in Washington which is outfitted with \$3000 worth of good warb highlights, noon warb boom lights, and an acre of No-scum paper. He intends to work from a trailer from now on.

From time to time, Glamour Photography has received post cards, baby alligators and macadamia nuts from photographers who have closed the old shop and taken to the road on four wheels. It is gratifying to know that the last for the royal road sometimes substitutes a man's last for the long gown. R. C. Boyd, who has his trailer studio parked on the lee side of Acapulco, sends us a rare collection of barefoot native girls made from his back door. If you are a mobile photographer log us out on your pin-parkings list, please, if you must write letters on the backs of alligators, print neatly. Ed.





I PHOTOGRAPHED Two Beautiful Hitchhikers

I'm one of those all-round men who get handed all kinds of assignments. I have photographed a fashion show on Tuesday, flown three-thousand miles Wednesday morning to document the romance of nuts and bolts in a brass factory. And Thursday finds me back in the shop trying to make toothpaste look appetizing.

One in Pennsylvania that day. I had hurried away in my film holder a rather droll report on a Dutch farm. I had everything I figured—down to the cow's ears—but didn't feel right about it. Too many one night stands. My imagination was slipping.

The road was one of those stone maintenance deals never in a state of

maintenance. A dull trip back. Then I got the natty feeling there was something fish about the brush. Derver fatigue.

By the time it got through to me that the shoulder ornaments were for real, I had to look broken to stay in the same county with them. It was a blonde and a brunette. Back to back. But a double like that ain't daily.

"Car trouble?" I asked.

"Sure," said the blonde, only not flip, "to brake down and then dig in our hole."

"Sure enough," the brunette sobered, "we're stranded."

I flushed them into the Nash and stung rubber before they could bolt.

It developed they hadn't been using very high off the hog, so I wheeled us at the first stand and fed them.

"Summer stock," the brunette volunteered through a mouthful. "You might say it was a major show—disappeared when we turned our backs."

The blonde shrugged, but the brunette said, "I got an axe in Trenton who'll stake us."

Seeing these watching those two lithe faces made me feel good again. I noticed that my hands held a camera and I was taking pictures.

"Trenton, eh," I said. "How would you like being heretics in a farm journal?"

"You mean like 4-H girls, teaching





eggs and cuddling up in the hay with four-footed animals!" queried the brunette.

"Just be ornamental enough to take the curve off a few chewed-up cow's ears. It's taxi fare to Trenton."

Maybe I was not such a straight-matter after all. These cold-blooded camera reports were beginning to rattle my personality. I need something warm around when I photograph. I soon had the girls focused between the cows' ears, and after a few holders, I threw my Graphic into the back of the car and got out my little Primitives. The hellacious hitchhikers had limbered up by now, and the pictures that followed were hardly work.

Late in the afternoon I pointed the Nash toward Trenton. The brunette sloped on the back seat. The blonde ruffled her head in my lap.

At Trenton, I found the aunt's house. The brunette kissed me goodbye. The blonde kissed me goodbye. I checked the aunt and rambled the Nash.

The blonde's head was still warm on my lap, the brunette's kiss marks on my lips as I thought: this was the trip I'd figured for dull.

But it shows you what the farm situation is today. When the photographs were finally edited, the nearest thing to a cow was the contented look on the editor's face.

Ray Danner







Ray Danzig and assistant find the stranded girls amenable to tree climbing



*A tree
can
never
look
more
enchanting
than
when
it is
festooned
with
two
frolicsome
females*





A chanced upon brook cools feet and offers a setting for an impromptu bath







The girls inject a bit of comic drama — starring innocent girl, villain and black mustache



Tuckered out, the last lap of journey finds hitchhikers dozing comfortably



A DAY FOR PAPERBILLS AT AUNT BERTHA'S — END

SPOOKS

My TEN YEARS in a photographic wilderness have taught me (among other things) this: You're a lot better off if the softness of your favorite model extends all the way into her brain cells.

The stiff female facade you can have. Those inhibitions and whatever else it is she's holding back may not hit you through your viewfinder, but they crawl out of the grain of your prints.

Give me the famous featherbrains. She's the disenchanted Miss Cup.
(Continued on page 88)







(Continued from page 49)

cake who develops that blonchy rash out on location, who snags a lara strap just as you get her impaled on top-you synchronic iron limb, who hanny-whoppers overboard as you swing off a hobby-stay for a partide shot.

Herapical province is to perpetuate the happy truth that A GIRL IS A GIRL.

The flip to her penchant for non-

sense is the unexplainable "thing" she suffers from—sometimes called an on-truck complex.

As if she fears you've become unaccustomed of a disconnected pretty face, she manages to disembowel the face just as you disappear under the black cloth to converse with distortion.

My ten years in a bellows have given me perception. It's been a long time since I thought composition was something you got if you worked in a

steel mill and broke your leg.

So I can say in all fairness to the opposite sex that there's a little of the nut in all women. And once you get her to let her hair down, even though she then immediately sticks hair, head and all inside a hushel, you're in line for some interesting photographs.

With this in mind, I collected headless women and found that the calling, like a good ale, had plenty of body.

G. O. PARRIS



Beautiful Backs

pg. 38

The Magazine

devoted entirely to the photography of



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN